The Ambassador laughed. "There speaks a true Italian," he said to the Duke, "who is cute enough never to miss an opportunity!"

The Duke laughed too. Then the Ambassador, who seemed to have become younger as if touched by a magic wand, said: "I will deal with everything, Your Grace, and thank you, Miss Hanley, from the bottom of my heart for bringing me what I have always wanted more than anything else in the world!"

Before the Duke or Luella could speak he was gone. They could hear Enrico chattering excitedly as they went down the corridor. The Ambassador was answering him, also with a note of excitement in his voice.

Luella looked at the empty doorway, then at the Duke. Quite unexpectedly he laughed. "No farewells," he said, "no thanks! Just the promise of a bigger train and a new home!"

"He is a dear little boy, and I shall miss him," Luella said ruefully.

"The Enricos of this world always fall on their feet," the Duke remarked, "and now all our difficulties are solved."

"*Yours* are," Luella said, "and I am very, very glad."

"As you just said – mine are," the Duke said. "Now I have to think about yours."

"I . . I do not want to be a . . trouble to you now it is . . all over," Luella murmured.

"But you *do* trouble me, Luella," the Duke insisted. "You trouble me very much!" He spoke quietly

and she looked at him, in surprise. Then he said: "I hope *you* do not intend to walk away from me, because that is something I shall certainly prevent!"